

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1916

One Halfpenny.

UNDERGROUND TRAIN'S ESCAPE IN THE ZEPPELIN RAID ON
PARIS: FUNERAL OUTRAGE OF NO MILITARY VALUE.

One of the ruined houses. Note how the bed is hanging over the floor.

A few more innocent victims have paid with their lives for the Kaiser's mania for grandeur and cruelty. But otherwise the gasbags' raid on Paris was utterly futile, as the strategical advantage to the enemy was nil. One bomb completely pierced the

roadway and the tube of the Metropolitan Railway near one of the stations. Fortunately, a train filled to overflowing had just left the station. President Poincaré viewed the damage and visited the injured in hospital.



President Poincaré views the damage.



The hole at the underground railway.



Bomb which did not explode.

16 KILLED IN PARIS EXPRESS SMASH.

British in the Casualty List, Which Includes 45 Injured.

FLAMING CARRIAGES.

Sixteen passengers are stated to have been killed and forty-five injured by the accident to the Calais-Paris express at St. Denis, near Paris, on Tuesday.

Six coaches were thrown off the rails, and the wrecked carriages were fired by escaping gas. Many passengers were burnt to death. Several of the victims are stated to be of British nationality.

SIX COACHES THROWN OFF LINE.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—The accident to the Calais express occurred at ten minutes past seven last night on the Northern line, near St. Denis Station.

The express, which usually arrives at the Gare du Nord at 6.52 p.m., was twenty minutes late and is reported to have brought about the mistake which caused the accident.

It appears that the express was beginning to slow down when it was struck slantwise by a goods train. The impact was terrific, the engine, tender and six carriages being derailed.

GAS CYLINDERS EXPLODE.

The gas cylinders supplying light to the train exploded, and the escaping gas caught fire. The wrecked carriages were soon ablaze, and an indescribable scene of agony followed.

Many of the injured persons were unable to escape from the blazing debris and were burned to death. The work of rescue was quickly proceeded with, and at ten o'clock last night it was stated that twelve bodies and twenty-five injured passengers had been removed from the wreckage.

—Reuter message says the train had just passed St. Denis Station, and was nearing the "Pont de la Revolte," when the engine ran off the rails to the left, dragging four coaches with it.

FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

The train was running at a speed of between fifty and sixty miles an hour, and three coaches also left the rails on the right.

The overturned coaches were smashed to bits, and from the wreckage arose the piercing cries of the victims.

Assistance was speedily forthcoming from the St. Denis firemen, and Zouaves from the town were among those who helped to rescue the passengers.

Six bodies were taken to the Morgue at St. Denis, and ten injured were conveyed to the local hospital, of whom two died shortly after admittance.

Two more bodies burnt almost to a cinder are in the signal box.

FIREMEN TACKLE THE FLAMES.

PARIS, Feb. 1.—The portion of the train which became derailed was added to the express at Amiens.

At half past ten this evening soldiers with hydraulic jacks raised the coaches to release the victims who were pinned beneath the wreckage, now a mass of charred and shapeless timber.

The remains of the victims wrapped in sheets were deposited at the St. Denis railway station.

The engine of the express jumped clear off the rails and fell over its side. The tender and some carriages which followed it were telescoped by the sudden stoppage of the train, and a first-class carriage next to them was overturned and completely destroyed, while a second-class coach and three third-class coaches were severely damaged.

Firemen were still playing on the flames at 10.40. Searchlights have been set up to assist in the work of rescue.

The fire-driver and the fireman of the express escaped without receiving the slightest injury.

AIRMAN'S FATAL FLIGHT.

Lieutenant J. S. Reed, of the East Kent Regiment, attached to the Royal Flying Corps, has met with a fatal accident while on a flight with Lieutenant Browning at Farnborough.

In attempting to bring the biplane to earth some 200 yards in the air Lieutenant Browning lost control, and the machine fell nose downwards.

Lieutenant Reed died from laceration of the brain a few hours after an operation, and Lieutenant Browning is in a serious condition.

LISTEN TO A TALE OF WOE.

MADRID, Feb. 2.—Travellers from Lisbon state that the Minister of Justice was fired at by a man with a revolver.

The Minister, they say, fired back without effect.

The travellers also narrate that a fire, which was soon extinguished, broke out at the Belen Palace, the presidential residence.

A motor-fire-engine, which was returning to its station, collided with a tramway-car, and two men were injured.

Bombs have exploded in various parts of Lisbon.

In the recent disturbances it is stated that seventeen soldiers and policemen were wounded.—Reuter.

"GAITERS AND BAGS."

Judge's Amusing Comment in Husband's Action Against Wife.

THREE DOGS IN BEDROOM.

An unusual action between husband and wife came before Mr. Justice Rowlett in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Mr. H. R. Webster, of Old House, Upton-on-Severn, sought an injunction against his wife, to whom he was married in July last year, to restrain her from wrongfully pledging his credit.

Mr. Justice Rowlett eventually gave judgment for the defendant with costs, holding that no grounds had been shown for an injunction.

A stay of execution was granted on terms with a view to an appeal.

Mr. Webster's case, counsel said, was that at the end of September his wife went to live in London, and had run up bills to close on £1,000.

Plaintiff, who stated that he was sixty years of age, said that he had been widowed.

He had recently closed his house at Upton, but he intended to repeat it if his wife returned. His income was about £1,300 a year.

Mr. Justice Rowlett, looking at the bills, stated that the items included a solid gold chain for £42 10s. and a watch and three rings for £500.

Mr. Matthews, K.C., cross-examining: Did you hear of three dogs sleeping in the bedroom when you brought your wife there?

Witness: In my bedroom? Yes.

Counsel: And your wife occupied it. You insisted on three old dogs sleeping there?

Witness: I never insisted.

Counsel examined witness as to items in the accounts submitted.

Mr. Matthews: It was a little encouraging to you, to have your credit which you supplied her with five pairs of gaiters. (Laughter.)

Witness: They were my gaiters, not hers.

Mr. Justice Rowlett: He likes gaiters; she likes gold bags.

GERMAN BARBER FINED.

£50 Penalty for Making Statements Likely to Prejudice Recruiting.

Saying that he did not feel inclined to whittle the penalty down to any amount which was not substantial, Mr. Hopkins, at Bow-street yesterday, inflicted a fine of £50 upon Stanislaus Hizselszki, fifty-six, a German carpenter by business as a ladies' hairdresser in Cransbourn-street, Leicester-square, who was charged with making statements likely to prejudice recruiting.

Hizselszki had admitted writing a letter to the recruiting officer stating that he could not allow William Edward Pickance to join his Majesty's Forces. Two Englishmen employed by him had also received a similar letter.

William Edward Pickance said he joined the Army in December, and that he had a conversation with a prisoner who said he did not wish him to join.

Prisoner said he was very foolish to give up his situation and join the Army.

On January 22 he was discharged by prisoner. Augustin Olszewski, son of the prisoner, said that his father had no real objection to joining the Army, but that he, prisoner, had delayed and impeded his servants from joining and had put his own convenience before the necessities of the country.

He discharged Pickance because he had great influence over his son, and he wished to break off the relationship.

Mr. Hopkins did not think prisoner's reason for remaining in the service was because he had joined the Army, but that he, prisoner, had delayed and impeded his servants from joining and had put his own convenience before the necessities of the country.

TURKISH PRINCE'S SUICIDE.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 2.—A Constantinople telegram of to-day states that the Turkish heir-apparent, Prince Yussef Izzeddin, has committed suicide owing to illness. H.R.H. cut his arteries at his palace this morning.—Reuter.

"PROTECTION."

Board of Trade Sub-Committee Recommends Tariff Wall.

ENCOURAGE NEW INDUSTRIES.

British manufacturers who are ready to undertake the manufacture of articles of vital importance to the national safety or essential to other industries which have fallen in the hands of manufacturers of other countries should be afforded sufficient tariff protection to enable them to maintain such production after the war.

This outspoken declaration in favour of protection is made in the report of a sub-committee of the Advisory Committee to the Board of Trade, which has held an inquiry as to what measures could be taken for securing the position after the war of certain branches of British industry.

The report of this sub-committee was published yesterday, and contains many other interesting recommendations.

One recommendation is that larger funds should be allocated to the promotion of scientific, and industrial research and training, and that universities should be encouraged to maintain and extend research work devoted to the needs of the main industries in their districts.

Efforts should be continued to secure uniformity of patent laws throughout the Empire.

The law as to the compulsory working of patents in the United Kingdom should be more rigorously enforced.

All German and Austrian goods imported into the United Kingdom should be marked with an indelible mark "Made in Germany" or "Made in Austria-Hungary."

Goods from other foreign countries should be similarly marked with the country of origin or with the words "Foreign made" or "Not British."

Alien firms should be prohibited from registering in the United Kingdom trade marks containing English words.

Canals should be improved and extended.

The establishment of a Ministry of Commerce charged solely with the safeguarding and extension of British industry should be considered anew.

U BOATS, MINES AND FOG.

£80,000 Ship Avoids Two Dangers But Succumbs to Third.

The dangers of submarines and mines were avoided only for the ship to run ashore in a fog.

That was the story told at the Board of Trade inquiry into the stranding of the ss. Finchley at Caxton Hall yesterday.

Mr. Leycester again presided, and was assisted by Captain A. S. Houston and Captain F. J. P. Moore.

At the previous hearing in December it was stated that the value of the ss. Finchley was estimated at £80,000.

The captain's story was that the weather was foggy, and that he allowed for the tide setting him out from the land.

After the vessel stranded he found that the tide was setting him in towards the land.

He found that there was a magnetic disturbance which upset the compasses.

Albert Edward Forrest, the second mate, said yesterday that it was not always advisable to rely upon the patent log.

During the afternoon of August 20 the fog lifted and he sighted the lighthouse at Cape Orlov.

Just before the vessel struck a dense fog came on.

The next day he saw other vessels which had gone nearer the land than himself stranded on the other side of Trey Island.

Relying to Mr. Higgs (for the master), he said that he had no doubt that there were submarines about.

Three Government trawlers came along to take off the cargo and a submarine was sighted, and the commander of the trawlers ordered all lights out.

He also saw a mine explode half a mile from the Finchley.

Judgment will be delivered on Monday next.

DOES THE WAR MAKE BAD BOYS?

Escapades That Have Ended with Birch or Reformatory.

"IDLE HANDS OR MINDS?"

Does war make bad boys?

It would almost seem as if it did. You can hardly open the newspaper without encountering the story of some boyish escapade that ended either with the birch or with the reformatory school. At Tottenham, it seems, there is no room for any more bad boys in the children's home.

Discussing the question with *The Daily Mirror*, Mr. Arthur Black, honorary secretary of the Ragged School Union, said:—"It should always be borne in mind that one bad leader may infect a whole crowd."

"At the same time, I should be quite prepared to hear that there has been an increase in the number of juvenile offences.

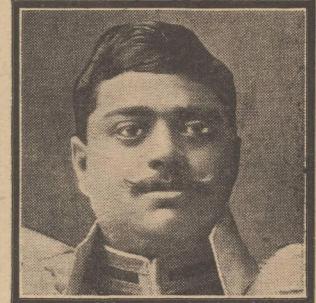
INFLUENCE REMOVED.

"So many of the influences on boys are removed. In thousands of cases their fathers are away. Some of the best of the day school and Sunday school boys are away with the soldiers. Many of our mission schools are practically deserted by young men.

"I shouldn't like to estimate the number of boy scout companies and church lads' brigades that have had to be closed down owing to the war.

"And I very much doubt whether the cinemas have had, on the whole, a very elevating influence. Some of the films are frankly deplorable. And even the best of them tend to make boys and girls, to some extent, dissatisfied.

D. 194K.



The Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, who has contributed the splendid sum of £500 to *The Daily Mirror* Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund. Only £400 more is required to make up the £10,000 which is the total aimed for.—(Vandyk.)

filled with the old type of entertainment that was certainly more helpful on the moral side."

"How is it to be remedied?" Mr. Black was asked.

"More, I think, by personal effort, well organised, by anything else.

"Boys go wrong because there is not enough for them to do, and there are not the leaders to guide them in the right way."

"We are appealing now for teachers and workers to come and take the place of the men who have enlisted.

"If a lot of the men now at the front come back from the war thoroughly endowed with the religious spirit, and fling themselves into work among boys, we may hope to more than recover the position we have lost."

"In any case it is easy to exaggerate the gravity of the situation. Boys will be boys, you know. They want same understanding, but they are quite amenable to influence when you do understand them."

LOOK OUT FOR THE ECLIPSE!

The first of three solar eclipses due this year will take place to-day, and will be visible over Great Britain and Ireland and a certain portion of Western Europe.

A partial eclipse only will be visible in the United Kingdom, the totality being observable only in portions of the Pacific Oceans. In London the beginning of the eclipse is timed for 4.30 p.m., about a quarter of an hour before sunset.

£1,000 TO BRING DOWN A ZEPPELIN.

Mr. Joseph Cowen, of Stella Hall, Blaydon-on-Tyne, proprietor of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, announces that he will present £1,000 to the man or the first airmen to bring down a German Zeppelin in the British Isles or British territorial waters.

Mr. Cowen, who is an hon. colonel of the Tyneside Irish Brigade, some months ago offered £500 to the first airmen to bring down a Zeppelin.

Read "My Account of the Great War," by Shop Girl, on page 5.



Cleaning up after coming down from the trenches at Suvla.—(Official photograph from the East.)

MYSTERY NO. 2 IN APPAM DRAMA: WHO IS BERG? WHAT IS THE MOEWE?

Our Ambassador Demands Release of Liner.

TRAMP'S FALSE FRONT

Fifteen Men of Clan Liner Killed in Fight with Raider.

SECOND PRIZE ON WAY?

A REAL CAPTAIN KETTLE.

Until two days ago Lieutenant Berg, who brought the Appam to Newport News, Virginia, U.S.A., was an unknown German. To-day he has demonstrated that Captain Kettle's exploits were quite mild compared with what can be achieved in real life.

The story is still wrapped in mystery. Anyway, a tramp steamer, called the Moewe, which apparently came from "Nowhere," succeeded in capturing eight ships, 400 men and a large sum of gold.

The Corbridge, of Cardiff (3,687 tons), captured by the Moewe, had a prize crew on board, and nothing more has been heard of her. Presumably she is on her way to port.

PROBLEM OF APPAM'S FATE.

Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the British Ambassador in America, has formally asked for the release of the Appam.

Several questions will arise out of the Appam affair. On the ultimate fate of the German crew, passengers and ship much hangs. One theory greatly favoured is that the Germans have some scheme to be used against President Wilson.

ZEPPELIN JOY.

The Huns seem unable to contain themselves over the alleged success of Monday's Zeppelin raid.

It is quite clear from their extravagant boasts that the reason the Germans came over here was to hearten themselves rather than dishearten us. The Germans need something to stir their interest in the war.

DID MOEWE ESCAPE FROM AZORES A YEAR AGO?

Riddle of the German Corsair and Berg the Buccaneer.

Who is Lieutenant Berg? Where is the Moewe now, where did she come from, and what is her identity?

The original belief that the Appam was captured by a German submarine appears to be untrue. It now seems certain that an armed German merchant ship, disguised as a British tramp steamer, performed the task. This ship is said to have been the Moewe.

In the best informed circles, says a Reuter Washington message, the idea is scouted that the Moewe slipped through from Kiel disguised as a Spanish liner, crossed the Atlantic and reached the scene of her piratical exploits by going round the North Coast of Scotland.

It is thought that she is a German merchant ship, which got out of port in the Azores nearly a year ago and has not been heard of since.

The lieutenant describes himself as lieutenant of naval reserve, formerly master of a merchantman, and a subordinate officer of the Marine.

A riddle yet to be solved is how the Moewe obtained her armament.

Of five German steamers of the name of Moewe in Lloyd's list only one seems at all capable of bearing any armament sufficient for the task attributed to the Appam's captor. She is a 1,250-ton steamer, belonging to the Argo Steamship Company, of Bremen.

ARGO THE GAUNTLET?

If the Argo steamer Moewe is the one referred to by the mystery is added to, for in order to get to the position near the Canary Islands, where the Appam is reported to have been captured, she must have run the gauntlet of the British Gordon patrolling the North Sea or the Channel.

Shipping men, on the whole, seem to agree that unless the Argo's Moewe was on some unusual voyage when war broke out some other ship must have been concerned.

A search of the files of the *Shipping and Mercantile Gazette* reveals the fact that no news of the Argo can be found since June 25, 1914. She was reported on that date as being at Gravesend, where she had arrived from Bremen. Apparently she left the same day.



German prisoners at exercise at Dorchester. An armed guard walks with them.

APPAM CAPTAIN'S STORY OF DISGUISED RAIDER.

Forecastle That Fell Away and Showed Huge Guns.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—A telegram from Norfolk (Virginia) states that the liner Appam is still lying under the guns of Fortress Monroe.

She will remain there until the State Department has determined her status.

The Customs authorities hope to be able to send the vessel to Norfolk or Newport News to-morrow (Wednesday) and to permit the civilian passengers to go ashore.

Meanwhile, although the vessel has been on short runs, the passengers when seen to-day were apparently happy, and were walking about the decks.

The story of Captain Harrison, the master of the Appam, as related to the pilot, Foster, who brought the Appam into port, was like fiction.

"The day was bright and clear when the vessel was captured," the captain said.

"She was travelling at a fair speed when we sighted what appeared to be an ordinary tramp steamer, which gradually came closer.

"Suddenly the tramp fired across our bows. I immediately hove to."

FOE PRISONERS FREED.

"Simultaneously the tramp's false forecastle head, which was apparently made of canvas, fell away, revealing a battery of huge guns!

"We surrendered without offering any resistance."

"A prize crew boarded the Appam under the cover of the guns of the tramp and disarmed the crew, who were locked in various cabins."

"Twenty German prisoners who were aboard were liberated and assisted the prize crew."

A large number of prisoners from vessels that the raider had sunk were removed to the Appam.

When a start was made for Hampton Roads a German was stationed at the wireless apparatus to receive messages from the prize crew, so as, thus, as not this method might have revealed the whereabouts to British cruisers, which Lieutenant Berg, the commander of the prize crew, naturally tried to avoid.

The crew and the passengers were exercised daily in small numbers at a time. Thus it was easy for the few Germans to control several hundred captives.

The pilot added the passengers made no complaint of their treatment.—Reuter.

MOEWE'S EXCITING FIGHT WITH CLAN LINER.

NORFOLK (Virginia), Feb. 2.—A thrilling account of the Moewe's activities was given Mr. Hamilton, collector of customs, by Lieutenant Berg.

He said the capture of the Appam occurred sixty miles north of Madeira on January 16.

On January 10 the Moewe sank the British freighter, which was carrying coal and a prize crew on the Corbridge, which carried coal.

The Appam had one gun mounted when she was captured. The Moewe removed this.

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On January 15 the Aradiane was sent to the bottom with a cargo of wheat.

Next day the Moewe fired at the Appam, which the Moewe approached flying the British flag and exchanging salutes.

When close enough to cross the Appam's bows, the Moewe hoisted the German flag and lowered her false forecastle, disclosing her armament.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—A message from Norfolk states that O. H. Oliver, the second steward of the Appam, dropped a note through the port hole stating that six of the Moewe's crew were killed in the fight with the Clan MacTavish.

On January 13 the Cromdon was encountered. She offered no resistance, and was sunk. The same raider sank the Author and the Trader.

On the 15th the Aradiane was sent to the bottom with a cargo of wheat.

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AMSTERDAM, Feb. 2.—According to a report from Constantinople, fighting has occurred between the Russian forces and 14,000 Persians near Suez.

The Russians had to retire, and the Persians captured some guns, 650 rifles, eight motor-cars and hospital equipment.—Central News.

LINER'S PASSENGERS TO BE RELEASED.

Notice Declaring Appam a Prize is Issued and Withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 2.—Today the State Department announced that the Neutrality Board had decided that the Appam was a prize.

The announcement was almost immediately withdrawn, but the general impression is that this decision was actually reached by the Board.

It is now pending on the Government, but is expected to influence the action of the State Department.

The State Department has asked the Customs authorities to release the passengers on board the Appam, subject to any action which the Immigration authorities may take.

Mr. Hamilton, collector of Customs at Norfolk, does not believe that the Moewe captured the liner, but thinks that some other armed merchant, probably a larger and faster vessel, was responsible for the exploit.—Reuter.

ALLIES SWEEP ACROSS WEST AFRICA.

British Join Hands with French After Seizing More Towns.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The War Office issued the following communiqué last night:—

General Dobell, telegraphing from West Africa on February 1, reports that Daing was occupied by Colonel Haywood's column on January 25 with 1,000 men, and after defeating the enemy in another engagement two days later Colonel Haywood occupied Nkan.

This column is in touch with the French troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Lemeillour.

Another British column under Colonel Coles occupied Loloards on January 23.

Large military convoys continue to pass into Muni, Spanish Guinea.

The War Office last night issued the following:—

"A report has been received by General Smith-Dorrien to the effect that the small post of Kasigau, which was occupied by the enemy on December 6, has now been abandoned by them."

AIR RAID ON SALONIKA.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—To-night's official communiqué states:—

Eastern Army.—On the night of January 31 a Zeppelin dropped several bombs on Salonika. Two projectiles fell on the Greek Prefecture and a third the Salonika Bank, which was completely burnt.

The civilian victims were eleven killed and fifteen injured. Two soldiers were killed and one injured. An enemy aeroplane was brought down by one of our machines.—Reuter.

BRITISH HOLD A STRONG POSITION ON TIGRIS

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

DELHI, Feb. 2.—An official communiqué regarding the operations in Mesopotamia says that General Axmier's force holds a strong position on the Tigris.

The recent floods have rendered a forward movement impracticable.

General Nixon, who has handed over his command, will shortly return home.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 2.—According to a report from Constantinople, fighting has occurred between the Russian forces and 14,000 Persians near Suez.

The Russians had to retire, and the Persians captured some guns, 650 rifles, eight motor-cars and hospital equipment.—Central News.

300 BOMBS DROPPED IN THE BIG RAID.

Death Roll Increased to 59, Includes 26 Women and Children.

14 HOUSES DESTROYED.

The following statement on the air raid was issued last night by the War Office:—

The utterly inaccurate report in the Berlin official telegram of February 1, which purported to describe the effect of the German air raid on the night of January 31, affords a further proof of the fact that the raiders were quite unable to tell where their bombs would drop and shape their course with any degree of certainty.

Casualties.—Only a number of cases of injury, mostly slight, have been reported since the previous figures were issued, and there have been two or three more deaths.

The figures now stand as follow:—

	Killed.	Injured.
Men	35	51
Women	20	48
Children	6	2
	59	101

Damage.—One church and a Congregational chapel were badly damaged and a parish room wrecked.

Fourteen houses were demolished and a great number damaged less seriously by the doors, windows, panes, etc., being blown out.

TWO FACTORIES DAMAGED.

Some damage, not very serious, was caused to railway property in two places; only two factories, neither being of military importance, and a brewery were badly damaged, and two or three other factories were damaged slightly.

Bombs Dropped.—The total number of bombs discovered up to the present exceeds 300.

Many of them fell in rural places where no damage was caused at all.

BRITISH DRIVE BACK FOE SURPRISE ATTACK.

Hostile Sentry Shot and Grenades Thrown Into Position.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch was received last night from General Headquarters in France:—

2.925 p.m.—Last night one of our patrols, after shooting the hostile sentry, threw hand grenades into a hostile post established at the northern end of Fries.

At about 11.30 p.m. to-day the enemy attempted a surprise attack against our trenches about the Ypres-Pilkem road.

The attack was not preceded by any artillery bombardment, and was easily driven back by our own fire.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 2.—To-night's official communiqué states:—

In the Aisne there was rather active mine fighting in the neighbourhood of the Lille road. Our artillery fire caused three explosions in the enemy batteries in the region of Vimy.

To the north-west of Berry-au-Bac, German troops on the march were surprised by our gun fire.

In Champagne we bombarded the works of the enemy to the north of Souain, and the Moewe thus was effectively fired against two more.

In Lomme at Hill 423, east of Sonnen, our batteries demolished an enemy blockhouse. There was cannonading on the rest of the front.—Exchange.

PARIS, Feb. 2.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

Between the Aisne and the Aisne our artillery fired upon some convoys in the region of the Forest of Souain, Tournai, as well as upon a train which was leaving Issy.

In the Argonne we exploded a mine at Hill 230 (Haute Chevauchée).

In Alsace our batteries blew up a munitions depot on the outskirts of Orbey (south-west of the Bonhomme).

In the region of Sondernach (south of Munster) the Germans had one of our listening posts from which a counter-attack immediately drove them.—Central News.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday as follows:—

The enemy artillery has assumed great activity in some sectors in Champagne and east of St. Die. The town of Lens has again been shelled by the enemy (Lens is the key to Lille).

A large French aeroplane hit by our anti-aircraft fire fell down south-west of Chaunay. The occupants were injured when taken prisoners.

Eastern Theatre of War.—A strong Russian detachment was attacked by a German reconnoitring party on the Wieselschle, south of Hohenstaufen (between Stochord and St. Kr., and wiped out.—Wireless Press.

THE RETURN OF THE FOLLIES TO LONDON: A BRIGHT "SHOW."

S.P. 17095



The arrest of the necklace thief. The company are paying a welcome visit to the Coliseum this week.

S.P. 17095



The tenor and the soubrette.



The fireman and the cleaner.

The new chief is Mr. Dan Everard, who is seen as the fireman and the tenor. Like his wife, Miss Dollis Brooke, he is one of the original Follies. Miss Brooke is seen as the soubrette and the cleaner.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Lieutenant A. P. Laughland and Miss Margaret McIntosh, who were married at Edgbaston.



The Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey decorates Lance-Corporal Ball with the D.C.M.

P. 18559. P. 18557.

PLAYING IN "TINA."

P. 17125.



Miss Dorothy Waring, who is playing Tina at Edinburgh. She was Miss Phyllis Dare's understudy.

P. 18559. P. 18551.

TO WED THIS WEEK.



May, daughter of Major Frank Bowater, and Lieutenant W. O. C. Johnsen, to be married on Saturday.

P. 18559. P. 18551.

WOMAN CHEMIST.



Serving a customer at a chemist's shop at Clapham, which is run entirely by women.

Why We Shall Win

By the Rev.
J. D. JONES, D.D.

Sunday and The War

By
BISHOP WELDON

Two straight-from-the-shoulder articles

In This Week's

SUNDAY COMPANION

One Penny



Ready in a moment

The sustenance Oxo gives, and the economy it effects are out of all proportion to its cost.

Oxo forms an ideal light luncheon. It is made in a moment, and with bread or biscuits sustains for hours.

Its use in the kitchen economises meat.

OXO

OXO Ltd., Thames House, London, E.C.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1916.

AGAIN—THE TWO PEOPLES.

DURING the last few days the *Paris Temps* has published, over the signature Hendrik Hudson, a series of articles that seem to be the most thorough and widely documented analysis yet given to the world of the state of public opinion in Germany.

The latest of the series (published on Monday) deals with the German Press and with all other means of information in Germany while the war lasts. The conclusion might have been expected. It amounts to this—that there is not, there cannot be, any public opinion in Germany.

There is a State-made opinion, an instilled attitude, a Prussian doctrine. That is all. The writer, after a search in vain for any source whereby the masses in Germany could get a hint of the situation as it really is, ends up very impressively—

Without a Parliament, without newspapers, the German people tramps on, in utter darkness, across this fearful European catastrophe. It goes on, ignorant of everything, blindly feeling its way, towards perils about which nobody dares to warn it.

Nobody?

The writer earlier summarises the history of Maximilian Harden, since August, 1914.

At that date, you remember, Harden, in his paper, *The Future*, was the most convinced exponent of the bloodthirsty bull attitude, then not only official, but popular, typical, in Germany. He bitterly reproached those fumbling and apologetic Germans—shadows of the Bethmann-Hollweg type—for trying to find excuses for German intentions and German brutality. "The wrong we are committing?" "Nonsense"—from Harden—"no wrong, since our wrong is sacred right! Excuses for the war? But we wanted the war! We worship it! We've always wanted it! And, now that we've got it, why in the name of Gott and Zarathoustra should we find excuses for it?"

Also sprach—so spake Maximilian Harden, in the autumn of 1914.

And now Maximilian Harden is said to be in exile. *The Future* has deserted Germany and is hiding in Switzerland. Why?

Because, since the spring of 1915, Harden has continued telling the truth he began telling in August, 1914. Only now the truth has changed. Then, mark, it was the truth as the Prussian caste agreed with it; and his truth coincided sufficiently with theirs. Gradually the two truths diverged. Harden proclaimed, in the autumn of 1915 in a Berlin lecture, that the situation for Germany was grave. Exit Harden.

And his was the only voice raised in that "utter darkness" through which the blinded people stumble. With bandaged eyes, till the end, they will stumble on, led by Moloch. A new cartoon for M. Raemakers!—after Dürer. The German Knight—and Death.

Till the end. But what end?

That will almost entirely depend on the courage and resolution with which our people here in England insist upon knowing that truth, applicable to ourselves, which is being hidden, as applicable to Germany. The more their leaders hide from them, the more our leaders must trust us. Let our Hardens speak freely! We want to hear them, because we want to win.

It is the main difference, after all, between the two peoples.

They are led—can only be led—by their rulers to an end no one can foresee. We have to lead our rulers; who, without public opinion, would rely on "wait and see." On and see nothing!—for Germany. On, but with full vision!—for us.

W. M.

THE SUMMONS.

Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more: *For close the war is up with our English dead!* Is there, then, no man so baseless a man As modest stillness, and humility? But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger. Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood.

—SHAKESPEARE (*Henry V.* 4.

MY ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT WAR. ITS EFFECT UPON THE LIVES OF MY OWN CLASS.

By A SHOP GIRL.

I SHALL never forget the Saturday before that Bank Holiday if I live till I draw my last breath. I had sent my basket trunk on by Carter, Paterson. The arrangement was that my friend, Miss Hammond (from the millinery establishment next door but two) and myself were to catch the morning service and go across by way of Dieppe and Newhaven.

I came up by a No. 3 omnibus from the White Horse. At Kennington Park who should sit down alongside of me but Mr. Challin. He spoke very gravely about Continental affairs.

"But I've said good-bye to mother," I urged. "Go back home and say 'How d'ye do' to her."

Miss Hammond and I talked it over in the

Christians, but I was allowed to stay on at half wages, which meant nine shillings a week. Miss Hammond told me one morning that she was moving heaven and earth to induce Mr. Challin to join, and I told her it was a pity she took so much on herself. Mr. Challin enlisted, and I recollect I nearly cried my eyes out until I had a very jolly note from Wellington Barracks in which he said that he was doing it mainly for my sake. I was going off the evening before to a young lady I know, with the Girl Guides. (This work I am still doing, and I like it.) We became economical at home, and mother began to talk about letting.

FROM SOUTH GERMANY.

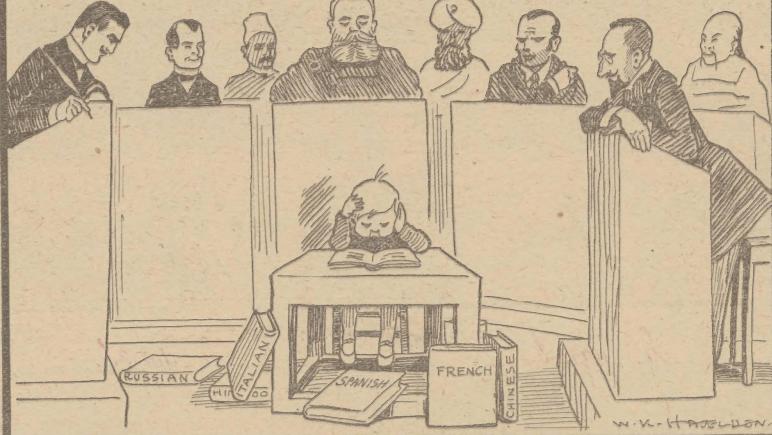
In October of that year the police called and took the manager away. He had always said he was a Pole, but apparently he suffered from defective memory; it is only fair to add that he came from South Germany, and had fought against the Prussians in the sixties. His wife, an Englishwoman, came from Bredbury that same day, and consulted the staff. The others were in favour of shutting down, but I said: "Look here! The working classes are doing

THE CHILD AND THE WAR.—NO. 6.

"IT IS JUST AS WELL FOR THE CHILD OF TODAY THAT HE CAN PLAY ALL UNCONSCIOUSLY



THE FUTURE WHICH THE GROWN-UPS ARE PLOTTING FOR HIM!



People keep on advocating the teaching of foreign languages in schools in order that we may not be behindhand in the coming trade war. But if all the languages suggested as indispensable are taught "the child" will have a bad time of it!—By Mr. W. K. Heselden.

booking office, and when I told her who had given me a chance, she agreed to postpone starting until the Monday. That was the day, if you remember, the Germans entered Belgium.

I have never been near any holidays since. On the Tuesday morning I went back to business to see whether I could be of any use.

The manager was in tears and said the war meant ruination to the jewellery trade. He told us all what he could do for the German Emperor, and he could get near him.

That week we scarcely had a customer in the place; very few people stopped to look at the windows. Some of the other shops had their foreign names painted out. The banks were shut, you remember, and I felt very glad I'd got the cash at home that I had saved to pay for my holidays. I decided to go to the jewellers, and should take my money to the village to the Witts, where she originally came from. I had a trying evening with her towards the end of the month, when she caught sight of a placard, "France fighting for its life."

The staff was reduced in number before

I very well just now. Why not cater for them? The manager's wife had the sense to agree to pay me twenty-two and six a week and a commission on the takings.

My sister's husband went down in H.M.S. Bulwark, and the wisest stroke I ever did was to ask her to come along and help. The gentle assistants had gone because they objected to working in the same place as the Germans. I struck a wrist watch at seven and six that sold like hot cakes. We got pendant lockets as fast as Birmingham could supply us; I wore a G. G. one with a photograph. We did well in cheap brooches and in military badges. At the present time we are doing better than ever, although we are selling no rings or bracelets, or any of the old stock.

It is the same that I have had times of anxiety—there are people who could write a book about it—but somehow I feel none the worse. I am more steadied. I do not laugh so much as I used to, but I am cheerful enough. I know I am much more important than I used to be.

HOW TO SAVE.

LITTLE WAYS IN WHICH WASTE CAN BE PREVENTED.

BEGIN AT HOME!

THERE is an old adage which says "charity begins at home"; but I think that we might well change the first word and say instead, "economy begins at home." If each householder were to make out a list of things that could be done without, and ways in which small economies could be effected, I am sure that it would be surprising to find how long the list would be.

I have been making out my list of small ways in which we can prevent waste in our own little home—and every day I am adding to it. It would take too much room to give the full list here; but in it are included clean half-sheets of notepaper, pieces of string, remains of night-lights, candle-holders, empty match-boxes.

These three latter all help to light a fire, and therefore save the firewood and coal. The clean half-sheets of notepaper we can use for short notes, instead of using only one side of a whole sheet of writing-paper for writing a brief letter. I also now write my letters type-written on both sides of the sheet, instead of leaving one side blank and taking a second sheet for a fresh page.

The newspapers and circulars are collected every day, and tied up in bundles ready to be sent to one of the waste paper depots.

If such small savings and economies were practised in every household and in every kitchen, office, and hotel and public institution in England, imagine what the saving would be! I believe, if many of the things that are now thrown away in dustbins, paper baskets, and down the sinks and the "shoots" of the chimney were saved and put to a proper use, that it would mean the saving of thousands of pounds for our country's use.

If we all begin to practise small economies in our homes, with thoughtful consideration for the workers and their earnings as well as it will be a splendid training for the householders and housekeepers of England: and I hope come again when economy and the spirit of carefulness will be called "meanness" by the ignorant ones.

HALLIE EUSTACE MILES.

WASTE PAPER.

WE are told to save all old waste paper, which has now become valuable, but with the exception of old newspapers, there is no suggestion what we ought to do with the rest.

Before the war the Salvation Army vans collected waste paper twice weekly in this district, but that stopped with the war.

The sanitary authorities then sent round printed requests that it was not to be put in the dustbins. We have no convenient place for a bonfire and burning it in the kitchen grate makes the chimney get dirty sooner than usual. The maid now burns it up daily in a coal hod.

My husband, a station master, still gets many circulars and parcels, and in addition, there are letters and wrappings from parcels. If some scheme could be devised for collecting all waste paper it would be a great boon.

L. D.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 2.—Many of our native woodland flowers should be grown in the garden. One of the prettiest of these is the dainty woodruff.

It is a low-growing plant, and in May its bright green leaves are dotted with small white flowers.

The stems and leaves of woodruff, if dried in the autumn, give off a fragrant, hay-like perfume. *Azura setosa* is an annual asperula with blue flowers.

E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The strength of a man's virtues must be measured, not by his extraordinary efforts, but by his ordinary life.—Pascal.

"PARTICULARLY WANTON AND STUPID": PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH

G. 119139.



Damage at the back of a house. One account says that the gasbags fired aerial torpedoes.

G. 119139.



A hole made by a bomb in the Rue de _____.

On account of the mist and the darkness of the night it was obviously quite impossible for the Zeppelin to locate any points of military importance, and the Press describes the

raid as "particularly wanton and stupid." The bombs, which were of a very powerful character, all fell in a quarter inhabited mainly by working-class people. Two of the

Where refugees from the invaded departments were living. There were several victims here.

G. 119139.



The hole made by a bomb in the roof of the un G. 119139.



Houses which vanished. This photograph gives an idea of the havoc bombs can make.

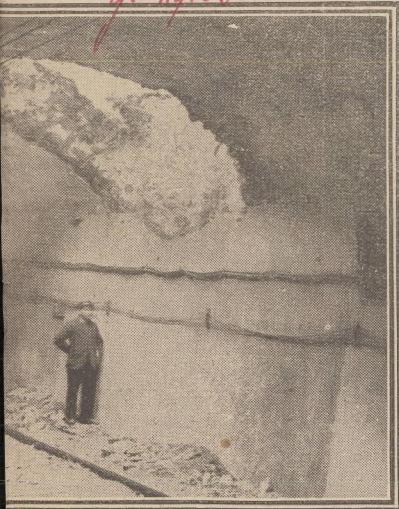


Hole torn in a street. G. 119139.

HOW WHY THE PEOPLE OF PARIS ARE ASKING FOR REPRISALS.

F. 11913.9.

F. 11913.9.



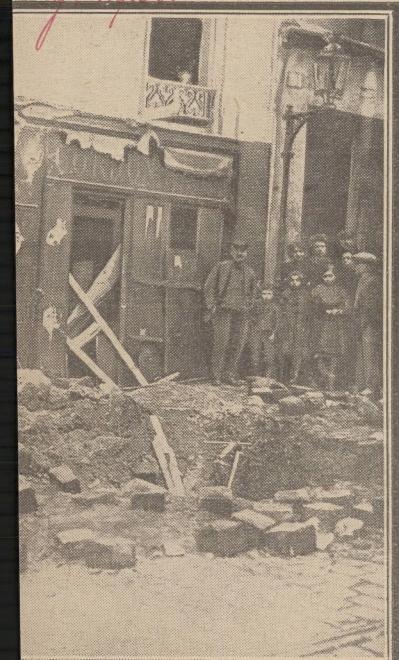
and railway. The debris has been cleared away.

F. 11913.9.



The pot of flowers was undamaged. The daughter of the house is keeping it as a relic.

F. 11913.9.



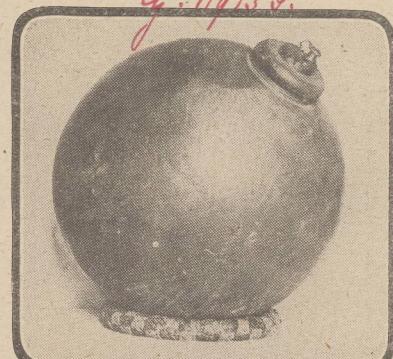
granite setts and part of the pavement.

remained absolutely calm, and declined to be intimidated. Nevertheless, there is a definite demand for reprisals. One bomb completely pierced the roadway and tube of the



One of the ruined houses. Note how the bed is hanging over the floor.

F. 11913.9.



A 2cwt. bomb which did not explode. It will provide another relic of the raid.



Standing amid the wreckage after the visit.

Metropolitan Railway near a station. Fortunately, a train which was crowded with passengers had just passed by.

DO NOT MISS READING THIS SPLENDID STORY LOVE ME FOR EVER



Olive Chayne.

CHAPTER I.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire, partaking of the quiet chamber of her heart, an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget stir restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. So certain that he would ask with his lips for what she had already asked, with his eyes her, herself.

Her memories carried her back to a garden where a man and a woman had stood together in a magic circle, a number of years ago. The man had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa to begin a new life.

Olive had quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and then he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closed her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memory spun out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had shown him all her heart then to a man who had been really phaliandring all the time.

He had caught her in his arms and held her for a moment in a close embrace.

Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologized and bidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he had been born again. He was then splendid, and her soul had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to Dick.

* * *

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first love-letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! She is filled with rapturous wonder.

As she is reading the letter again the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he has important news, and that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

* * *

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realizes that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Without a moment's pause she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omduram, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He comes forward casually, and begins to apologize for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that she is forced to listen. He is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry him. She makes a few more sentences from Dick, and she realizes that this is the awful truth—she had misread the signature in the letter.

"I don't like it at all," Olive said, "almost harshly. I want Dick to let me wait for him." "I think we should," he said.

It came to Rupert Heathcote that he would refuse to be the escort of his cousin's wife.

Dick had no right to ask him to take this responsibility. Goodness knew how long he might be detained.

"Let's postpone it, Dick," he said. "It is much the best thing to do."

There was an angry note in Richard Heathcote's voice. He was a masterful man, and opposition always annoyed him. From the line into which his lips had settled Rupert knew that further argument was useless. He shrugged his shoulders. If Richard would not be warned, then the responsibility was his. He had lodged his protest.

That was Rupert Heathcote's usual attitude towards life.

From the outside world strange sounds filtered in. The trampling of feet, the beating of drums, strange, syncopated music.

Dick drew Olive out on to the verandah.

Below them the courtyard was filling with native figures in uncouth attire. As she watched some of the men began to dance, shuffling and swaying giddily on the floor.

"These are the kumbos, our bears and porters," Dick told her. "Their relatives have come to give them a send-off. You see, darling, why I can't put off the journey. If I appear to be irresolute, or break my word, my authority with these people will be lessened. One learns the real value of a promise in dealing with natives."

He turned and smiled at her.

"Are you things ready or have you some packing to do?"

Hail to her own surprise she found herself meekly telling him that her things were quite ready.

"Mine are not, so I must leave you for a little time. Rupert will explain things a bit more to you."

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Mr. A. J. Balfour.

How "A. J. B." Keeps Fit.

I hear that Mr. Balfour is keeping fit by occasional games of lawn tennis on Lady Crosfield's hard courts. "A. J. B." is very fond of the game, of which, considering his age, he is a good exponent. It seems a long time now since he was playing on the Riviera with poor Anthony Wilding.

A Veteran Statesman.

I saw yesterday morning an unfamiliar figure for these days—Lord Morley. He looked most of his seventy-eight years, but his eye, with that humorous twinkle, was as bright as ever. Lord Morley has apparently his own way of turning up his trousers at the bottoms. The ends stand out all round like a saucer.

The Prince at "Bric-a-Brac."

The Prince of Wales looked in at the Palace Theatre on Tuesday night. He sat in one of the last rows of the stalls, but thoroughly enjoyed the performance of "Bric-a-Brac." Afterwards he came out to find that his car had been lost in darkest London. So he drove home in a taxicab.

Mr. Sentry and the Premier.

I had a short chat yesterday with Mr. Fisher, who told me a quaint incident of his departure from Australia. Among the friends who had come to see him off to England was Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister, who had neglected to provide himself with a military pass. He found a strict guard on the boat, who would not allow him on board in spite of his protestations that he was Prime Minister of the Commonwealth.

"Here's a Bloke!"

"Prime Minister or not," said the faithful soldier, "you don't come on this boat without a pass." Mr. Hughes protested, but all in vain, and at last the captain was called. "Here's a bloke, sir," explained the sentry, "what says he's the Prime Minister." Only then was Mr. Hughes allowed to go on board.

A Great Organiser.

I also had a few words with Mrs. Fisher, who comes to London with a well-earned reputation for organising ability. The talent will be employed to the fullest degree here, for London is the headquarters of the Australian War Contingent Association, which has the comfort of the Anzac soldiers as its special province; and one of the official duties of the wife of the High Commissioner is to preside over its committees of women.

Suffragette Squalls!

There are signs and portents that the suffragists are going to make themselves heard in the land again. I hear on too good authority that they are becoming very restless. Mrs. Tennant is one of the fiery brands, and one of her views is that too many women are getting tired of doing nothing and seeing their organisations going to pieces. Mrs. Despard herself, Viscount French's sister, is telling women not to accept the "gush and sentimental flattery poured on to them at the present time." So look out for squalls.

Only £400 More.

The organiser of our Nurse Cavell Memorial Fund, which, as you know, is to be devoted to the establishment of an Edith Cavell Home for Nurses attached to the London Hospital, tells me that only another £400 is now required to make up the total of £10,000 which *The Daily Mirror* undertook to raise.

Your Help Wanted.

Won't you help to raise the final £400? There are still some thousands of the portraits of Nurse Cavell on satin bearing a facsimile of her signature from the last letter she wrote home from Belgium, to be sold for the fund. Send to-day for a packet of fifty or 100 to dispose of among your friends at 3d. each, and send the money for them when you have sold all. Mark your application "Nurse Cavell Fund."

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

The Mansion House Reception.

I have never been sorry for a Lady Mayoress before, but I was on Tuesday. From three in the afternoon until six she never ceased shaking hands with civic dignitaries. It was her first reception. Very charming she looked in her brown cloth and sables, with a delightful velvet hat, but so tired by six o'clock! One of the men present who interested me most was Sir Charles Owens, who has been so busy helping the Lord Mayor's recruiting these last weeks.

Talk of Mrs. Pretty.

Sir George Reid's burly figure and humorous eyes arrested my attention as I halted for tea in the Egyptian Hall. He was talking to Lady Bell about the Australian play at His Majesty's. I didn't gather whether he thought Mr. Arthur Bourchier's portrait of the Australian Labour Premier true to life or not, but he seemed to be very much amused.

The Lord Mayor as Commandant.

The Lord Mayor has consented to become the principal commandant of the newly-formed City of London Regiment, which consists of three battalions of volunteers. His lordship takes a great interest in volunteer work and, like Lord Rosebery, Colonel Rundall and others that have followed that movement, suggests that the services of the irregulars will be used much more considerably in the future.

Bristol's Boy.

Here is a new portrait of Miss Sybil Arundale, who is just now breaking all records as the principal boy in the "Goody Two Shoes" pantomime in Bristol. This is the first boy.

(P. 105.)



Miss Sybil Arundale.

Miss Arundale has played since she was Jack in "Jack and the Beanstalk" in Australia. She was always a brilliant little artist from the days when she was one of the Sisters Arundale.

Fashion Openings.

A woman friend tells me that it is impossible to see the managers of any of the big dressing and millinery firms just now. They are all in Paris waiting to view the shows, which open this and next week in the lovely salons there. Special leave of absence from military duties has been granted to the designers who are serving in the French Army.

The Tortoiseshell Comb.

Now becoming is that large tortoiseshell and diamond studded comb to Lady (Arthur) Paget's style of hairdressing. She wears it dressed high on the head with thick coils crossing at the back, and the comb thrust on the left side makes a sufficient head decoration for the theatre in these days. I saw Lady Paget at the Garrick Theatre, and she seemed thoroughly to enjoy the thrills of "Tiger's Cub" and the splendid acting of Miss Madge Titheradge.

Woman's Way.

A woman war-worker friend of mine showed me in triumph yesterday a ticket, price 10s. 6d., for a woman's meeting at Sunderland House, the mansion of the Duchess of Marlborough. "Who are the artists?" I asked, thinking to show my sympathetic interest by a mild inquiry about the entertainment. "Bless you, there's no show!" she replied, with an air of astonishment. "It's just a working meeting, but we are all helping by paying half a guinea to attend." Woman is so practical.

Serb Premier's Visit.

Like all interested in gallant little Serbia, I am looking forward to the visit to London of M. Pasitch, the Serb Premier. He is expected to arrive here within a week.

What Clubs Are Discussing.

Clubland just now is discussing—apart from Zepps, of course—two topics. The amazing story of the Appam is the subject of hundreds of theories, each one stranger than the other. I had the mixed pleasure of sitting between two Americans yesterday evening who nearly came to blows on how the affair will affect President Wilson.

Konopisht.

If you want to shine in society as very deep and learned just now you talk about Konopisht. It is not something to eat, but a village in Bohemia. According to Mr. Wickham Sted—who knows more about Austria than almost anybody else in the country—it was at Konopisht that the Kaiser and the late Austrian Archduke began to plot, and as the result of the plot the old Emperor of Austria was winking at the assassination.

Furs Wanted.

I hear that the recent fur sales in London attracted a great number of professional buyers. The French particularly were very keen, and there is certainly no likelihood of low-priced furs this year.

A Saintly Golfer.

A correspondent informs me that on looking into the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, Earl's Court, he found that a window in the south aisle represents the patron saint playing golf.

Scout Munition Workers.

I met a scoutmaster yesterday whose troop is making munitions "somewhere" in the Home Counties. Apparently the troop's experiences have been varied. First they slept in huts, afterwards they were transferred to a workhouse, and now they enjoy their well-earned repose in an Elizabethan mansion!



Miss Bobbie Rutland.

Woman and the Dead.

This is Miss Bobbie Rutland, who is taking the principal part in the greatest cinema production yet attempted. It is adapted from a famous morality novel, and deals with the question, "Shall a woman keep faith with the dead?" Miss Rutland appeared with Mr. Oscar Asche at the Globe Theatre.

Good Audiences.

Theatrical managers were generally afraid that Zeppi rumours would have a devastating effect upon their audiences this week. I looked in at several variety theatres last night and found them splendidly patronised.

Another Double.

Did you notice the likeness that the late Sir Clements Markham bore to Lord Alverstone? It was really extraordinary.

When a Zeppelin Falls.

A friend of mine from Russia who speaks of knowledge was telling me of the danger incurred when a Zeppelin falls. If on a block of houses the place becomes a roaring furnace and the gases have an immediate asphyxiating effect. A pleasant dilemma! Leave 'em up or bring 'em down?

The Young Heart.

"The heart of a schoolgirl," said the cynic in a moment of softness, "is like a love-letter unaddressed."

THE RAMBLER.

SOLDIER, NURSE AND SANAPHOS

MY ALLIES

THE IDEAL RECONSTRUCTIVE NERVE FOOD

A VALUABLE RESTORATIVE IN NEUROSTHENIA, NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA AND ANÆSTHESIA

TRIAL PACKAGE FREE TO READERS.

Every reader is asked to write for a trial package of the food that is doing such wonders for wounded, worn-out and nerve-shattered soldiers; rebuilding flesh, strength, nerve and brain-energy with a speed that is amazing, and aiding their restoration to perfect fitness. Sanaphos (which means "All-healing") must not be confused with German-owned preparations—it is wholly digestible, and its benefit is felt almost at once. Besides restoring strength and muscle, it contains the elements wanted by tired, underfed nerves; elements not present in sufficient quantities in ordinary food.

Gout & Rheumatism CURED BY RADIUM

RADIUM removes and expels the dreaded Crystals in uric acid complaints. "Radium" pads, guaranteed under £5000 guarantee, to neutralise Indolins and to cure all forms of Gout, Rheumatism, &c., 20 pds. Conveniences to wear, no other treatment required. No renewals. No further cost. Price 3s. from HARRIS, Ainsworth & Sons, 10, Pall Mall, S.W. 1. Send for sample. RADIUM, 167, Oxford Street, W.

When buying
BAKING POWDER
insist on having
BORWICK'S
The strongest, best & most economical
in the world.

Any Acidity?

The symptoms commonly experienced are Heartburn, Flatulence, Dizziness, Palpitation, etc. Food is not being properly digested, and the body is not receiving sufficient nourishment. Though not a serious complaint, acidity indicates a condition that is not likely to right itself, and should not therefore be allowed to continue.

For relieving the stomach of acidity and thus helping digestion, Messrs. Savory & Moore strongly recommend Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges, which they make from Dr. Jenner's original formula. Possessing exceptional antacid properties, they contain neither bismuth nor magnesia, are pleasant to take and quite harmless. It is significant that so many users of the lozenges think it worth while to put on record their experience for the benefit of others.

Mr. G. M. Price, of 5, Lawn Villas, Ramsgate, says: "I feel it due to you to express my appreciation of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges. Their action in giving me almost instant relief from severe Heartburn and Acidity is marvelous. They are far above any other remedy I have tried."

Mr. M. E. Hall, of 50, Dollis-road, Church End, Finchley, says: "So highly do I hold them in esteem that I have not hesitated to recommend them to my friends, and in no single instance have the lozenges failed to give relief. My only regret is that I did not hear of them earlier. You are at liberty to use this should you think fit."

Boxes, 1s., 3s. and 5s., of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, and mentioning "The Daily Mirror" to Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143a, New Bond-street, London.

PIMPLES ON BOY'S HEAD

And Face. Child Very Ill and Irritable. Very Itchy. Soothed and Healed by Cuticura.

"My little boy's head and face became covered with a rash. This developed into a mass of little watery pimples which, upon bursting, formed into nasty sore eruptions. They made him very ill and irritable, and were also very itchy. They would come off leaving the flesh underneath bleeding."

"We used to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I did so. After using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and two cakes of Cuticura Soap he was absolutely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Isabella McClellan, 9, Walnut St., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, Eng., July 29, 1915.

SAMPLES EACH FREE BY POST

With 32p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal). Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META SIMMINS

(Continued from page 9.)

"Oh, yes." Her answer was very swift and cold. Something in her heart cried out to her beware. "At Dick's send-off dance, wasn't it?"

"Do you remember the garden and the scent of the roses and the swing of the waltz?" He began to hum a tune softly in his beautiful voice. "It plays in my head all sort of odd times, that waltz," he continued. "Yesterday, when you were being married to another olive. Yesterday, when I kissed you—as I did not kiss you that night—when I held you in my arms in the moonlight... the maddening music of that waltz."

There was a throbbing note of pain in his voice. It cried out to her heart insistently, and desperately, as a woman in an evil dream might cry out some holy name, she said over and over again to herself Dick's name.

"What a fool I was—to have you so fast and yet to have let you go," Rupert said. "Almost

as great a fool as Dick—to send you up here alone with me! Yet he didn't know what we knew."

"Rupert—what on earth are you talking about? Do be sensible, please, and take me back. I am very tired."

She had found her voice at last. She looked at him bravely enough. She must pretend...

"Perhaps you think that I don't know?" he persisted. "But I do. There is no need for me to open your little letter. I read the truth in your eyes last night. You came out here to me! You thought—Oliver—I know what you thought. You can't deny that you thought I had asked you to come. Not Dick..."

She tried to deny it. But the words faltered on her lips. She stood looking at him with eyes that burned with shame, here in the silent green twilight of the forest, with her pitiful broken secret lying between them.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

GERMAN BARBER FINED.

£50 Penalty for Making Statements Likely to Prejudice Recruiting.

Saying that he did not feel inclined to whittle the penalty down to anything less than £50, Mr. Herbertian, Mr. Hopkins, at Bow-street yesterday inflicted a fine of £50 upon Stanislaus Olszewski, fifty-six, a German, carrying on business as ladies' hairdresser in Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, who was charged with making statements likely to prejudice recruiting.

Olszewski had admitted writing a letter to the recruiting officer at Bow-street, and said not to Edward Pickance to join his Majesty's Forces. Two Englishmen employed by him had also received a similar letter.

William Edward Pickance said he joined the Army in December, and that he had a conversation with a prisoner who said he did not wish him to join.

Prisoner said he was very foolish to give up his situation and join the Army.

Augustin Olszewski, son of the prisoner, said that his father had no real objection to his joining the Army, but that he was useful in the business, and that there was still time.

Prisoner said he registered as an alien enemy, but was later simply described as an alien.

He discharged Pickance because he had great influence over his son, and he wished to break off the relationship.

TWO GERMANS ESCAPE.

Scotland Yard last night issued the following description of two Germans who escaped from the internment camp at Dorchester during Tuesday night:—

1. Age twenty-two; complexion fair, dark brown hair, eyes blue; slight build; height 5ft. 2in.; 10st. 6lb. on angle of right jaw, compound fracture of right thigh; walks lame with the aid of a stick.

2. Age twenty-three; complexion pale, hair dark brown, eyes grey; heavy build; height 5ft. 10in.; has scar left side of nose.

Both these men speak English and have friends probably residing in London.

NEWS ITEMS.

No State Opening.

In official circles no intimation has been received that the King will open Parliament in person on the 18th instant.

Relic of Buddha Found.

A bone, thought to be one of Buddha's bones, and other sacred relics, says Reuter, have been found at Taxile, near Rawal Pindi, India.

Empire Manager Resigns.

Owing to the expansion of his personal enterprises, Mr. Charles B. Cochran has resigned his post as general manager to the Empire as from next Saturday.

Matroonum's Concert.

The Exchange Telegraph Company states that the Government are considering the Bill which has been prepared by Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., providing for a moratorium in respect of the rents of conscripted soldiers.

Steamer in Collision.

A Lloyd's message from Deal yesterday states that the steamer Androm, which was in collision near the South Goodwin on Tuesday, has proceeded to the Thames for a further survey and repairs.

Wants News of Soldier Son.

Mrs. Bloodworth, 108, Cadogan-terrace, Victoria Park, N.E., asks for news of her son, Rifleman F. Bloodworth, Z 2681, bomber, B Company, 2nd Battalion, Rifle Brigade, missing since September 25.

TO-DAY'S BOXING CONTESTS.

Two fifteen rounds contests will be decided this afternoon at the Ring, to which women and convalescent soldiers are admitted free. One will be centred in the meeting of Corporal Lew Robert (A.S.C., Wales) and Jack Lewis (Spitalfields), who recently beat the world's champion, the American Seaman Williams (Sheerness) and Private Lane (15th Hussars).

At the London Stadium to-night there is a fifteen rounds contest between George Branne (Belgium) and Fred Jacks (Aldgate).

Yesterday's scores in the billiards tournament heat of 8,000 were: Smith, 4,156; Falkiner, 4,124.

In a boxing contest in New York Jack Dillon knocked out Tom Cowler, says Reuter, with a right swing to the jaw in the third round.

Man and Reece yesterday signed articles for a billiards match of 18,000. Reece receiving 1,000 start, for £250 a side.

The game will be played in London, commencing on March 26, and A. P. Peall will be the referee.

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT.

"Danderine" Keeps Hair Thick, Strong, Beautiful.

LADIES! TRY THIS! DOUBLES BEAUTY OF YOUR HAIR IN FEW MOMENTS.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine to your hair you will find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few days when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair-growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle and sparse it is, moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair taking one small section at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance, an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by any other preparation. It costs only 1s. 6d. to have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Sold and recommended by all chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 3d. No increase in price.

RESTORE THE VOICE WITH EVANS' PASTILLES
Enriched in numerous testimonials by the greatest Singers, Orators, Speakers, Preachers, etc.
Of all Chemists, in 13 Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers—EVANS' SONS LESCHER & WEBB, LTD., Liverpool and London.

With 32p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and Ointment to heal). Address postcard for samples: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London. Sold everywhere.

WATERPROOF.

CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
LIVES THE LEATHER



Rainy Weather IN TOWN OR COUNTRY

"WE Sell Cherry Blossom Boot Polish." There is no large town or small village throughout the British Isles where this well-known notice is not displayed by some dealer, and the reason is not far to seek. The public will have their CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH. They appreciate its exceptional waterproofing and shine-producing qualities, and they know that it preserves the leather and prevents cracking. Cherry Blossom Boot Polish applied to the soles, as well as the uppers, makes the whole boot waterproof.



CHERRY BLOSSOM Boot POLISH

is sold in three colours; Black or Brown, Tins 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d., and TONETTE, the new dark stain shade, which imparts a rich dark brown gloss to all tan leathers. Tonette is especially recommended for military equipments. Tins 2d. and 4d. Chiswick Polish Co., Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

After Armageddon: By Mr. Bottomley, in "Sunday Pictorial"

ALWAYS the Best Special
Articles and Pictures in
the "Sunday Pictorial,"

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

READ "The Love of Robert
Dennison," by Ruby M.
Ayres' in "Sunday Pictorial."

"1, 2, 3 SWALLOW."



British soldiers dosing a horse with a pill at the front. They are of a much larger size than those administered to human patients.

SHE WEARS AN ARMLET.



Women who are on war work now wear an armlet. In the photograph soldiers are seen being welcomed at the Earl Roberts Rest House, near Euston.

CHILD'S CORDUROY COAT.



Blue corduroy spring model. The collar and cuffs, which are white, are of the same material.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

GEORGE GRAVES' GIFT TO THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

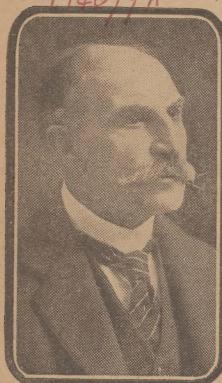
P. 825.



Mr. George Graves visits the Military Hospital, King-street, Hammersmith, in costume, and takes part in the first game on the new billiards table which he has presented to the institution.

SCOTLAND'S PREMIER BARON DEAD.

P. 146 44A



Lord Forbes, whose death has occurred at Edinburgh, and Lady Mabel Forbes, wife of Captain the Master of Forbes, who succeeds to the title. Lord Forbes was the premier baron of Scotland and chief of the clan Forbes. The first baron was raised to the peerage by James II. of Scotland.—(Lafayette.)

IT TURNED OUT TO BE AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS.

P. 678 M.



Those at home wanted a snapshot, so the goat kindly obliged by pressing the bulb.